

*el* The Folly of Love;  
OR, AN  
ESSAY  
UPON  
SATYR  
AGAINST  
WOMAN.

---

*Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos  
Matura Virgo, & frangitur artibus  
Jam nunc, & incestos amores  
De tenero meditatur ungui.*

*Hor. Ode 6. Lib. 3.*

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*London, Printed for E. Hawkins, 1691.*

The Folly of Love;

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London Printed for E. Hawkins 1841.

THE

# PREFACE.

**T**Heſe Papers, (*the Effect of ſome leiſure Hours in the Country*) had never ſeen the Light, being Wrote only for my own Private Diſverſion ; if by a moſt unexpected Accident, a fair Written Copy of it had not come to my hands, deſiring my ſtrict Examination of it, in order to its being Publiſht. I confeſs I was as much ſurpriz'd to ſee it, as Mr. Dryden's *Sofia in Amphitriton* was to view *Mercury in his own Shape* : I knew I had the Original in my Cloſet, and wondred to find one ſo nearly like it in Manuscript.

I was often, I muſt confeſs, Importun'd for a Copy, but deny'd it to the Deareſt of my Friends ; thoſe few who read it, Proteſted by all that was Sacred, not to Tranſcribe a Line of it : But it ſeems ſome very civil Gentleman, to me unknown, (finding a Salvo for his Promise) Copied it, and ſent it to a Book-ſeller, (pretending he found it on the Road) deſiring, if he thought it would turn

## The Preface.

to Account, to Print it: He, as Interest Governs the World, resolv'd to send it to the Press. This coming to my Knowledg, I was absolutely necessitated to Print it in my own Defence; and as it is, 'tis all at the Readers Service. Perhaps some Angry S H E may be Offended with some biting Lines; but let her Fret on, 'tis the same thing to me, for of all the Misfortunes Incident to Flesh and Blood, Heaven Deliver me from Love and Dotage.

---

THE



THE  
Folly of Love,

A  
SATYR.

**H**appy was Man at first by Nature made;  
The welcome guest of *Edens* blisful shade;  
With awful Reverence every where Ador'd,  
And all the Creatures own'd him for their LORD;  
Ev'n the wild Beasts, who have been Rebels since,  
Then practis'd *Non-Resistance* to their Prince.  
When for his pleasure he disposed to rest,  
No fawcy Insect durst his sleep molest;  
In gentle slumbers undisturb'd he lay  
Till *Phœbus* usher'd in the new-born day;

B

Lord

Lord of himself, his passions not enslav'd;  
 He nothing wanted, for he never crav'd.

It hapned on a too too fatal time,  
 As he did up a Spacious Mountain climb  
 Of Natures works, a prospect to survey,  
 A lovely Grove invited him to stay;  
 Where spreading *Beach* and stately *Elm* afford  
 A pleasing shade to the *Creation's Lord*:  
 Hard by, a murm'ring Stream did softly creep,  
 On whose green Banks he laid him down to sleep:  
 But whilst in pleasant Dreams intrans'd he lay,  
 Some Spirit came and stole his Rib away,  
 And of that *crooked shapeless* thing did frame  
 The *Worlds great Plague*, and did it *Woman* name.

He wak'd, with Wonder and Devotion fill'd,  
 When he her goodly Shape and Form beheld:  
 With gazing his amazement was increas'd,  
 He thought she was some Goddess at the least;  
 But when the thing was better understood,  
 He found she was but only *Flesh and Blood*.  
 Without *Priests Aid* he took her for his Bride,  
 And laid the *smiling Mischief* by his side.

Love's solemn Rights not long had been fulfil'd,  
 But his new Spouse perceiv'd she was with Child;  
 And tho he strove by all kind arts to please,  
 Yet all in vain, she could not be at ease,  
 Until by stealth to save her longing, she  
 Had tasted of the one forbidden Tree:  
 The fatal morsel hardly swallow'd down,  
 She found the angry Face of Heav'n to Frown;  
 Yet so prevailing was her Malice grown,  
 She was resolv'd not to be curst alone,  
 And therefore with insinuating smiles,  
 Her *too believing* Husband soon beguiles:  
 The baneful Treat soon opens both their Eyes,  
 To take a prospect of their Miseries;  
 With melancholly sights they mourn their Fate,  
 And Eden with regret they *Abdicate*.

From her accursed Loyns have sprung a Race,  
 The Worlds, their Own, and all Mankinds Disgrace.  
 Woman! at speaking of the very name,  
 Nature starts back and hides her self in shame.  
 Woman! the fatal Authress of our Fall:  
 Woman! the sure Destroyer of us all,

Like *Sodom's Apples* pleasant to the Eye;  
 Within pale rottenness, and ashes lye;  
 Their very sight our *youthful Blood* enrage,  
 And prove as fatal to *declining age*.  
 Oh ! could we live without that *clowen Sex*,  
 Whose only pleasure's to torment and vex,  
 Angels from their abodes would downwards fly,  
 And bless mankind with their society.

Altho but little hopes can ere be had,  
 To mend what is *incorrigibly* bad ;  
 Yet *Satyr* thy severest Whip prepare  
 To lash the sex, so very *vile* and *fair*.  
 Be just, spare neither *Quality* nor *Age*,  
 From *Girl*, just fit for *Man*, to *Matron* sage;  
 From *Dunghill*-aker, up to *Lady* finey  
 Dressing all day in *Play-houfe* Box to shine ;  
 Recount their various Arts, their subtle Wiles;  
 Their artful Tears, and their more artful Smiles;  
 Their numerous Vices, which they *Vertue* Paint,  
 And from the *Woman* separate the *Saint*,  
 That so unwary, heedless *Youth* may shun  
 Those fatal Rocks, where others split upon.



Of all the various seeds of Vice which rest  
 Within the compass of the *Female Breast* ;  
 The first which shews it self in open view  
 Is *Pride*, the earliest sin the Devil knew :  
 But such success does t' imitation fall,  
 The Copy far exceeds th' Original.  
 In *Pride*, so quickly they proficient grow,  
 That Babes the Nipples do not sooner know.

Should any daring Pen attempt to show  
 What sorts of Dress our Modern Females know,  
 What antick habits their own *Mothers* wore,  
 And what was us'd an hundred years before,  
 Their *Fardingales*, *Stiff-Ruffs*, and all the train  
 Of Fashions us'd in old *Queen Bess's* Reign ;  
 Could he describe the Rise and Pedigree  
 Of Monumental *Top-Knot* Gallantry,  
 Expose their arts (which they esteem no sin)  
 To mend the Face, and Meliorate the Skin,  
 Of *Washes*, *Paints*, *Perfumes*, display their skill,  
 The bare relation would more Volumes fill,  
 Than are in *Oxford* or the *Vatican* ,  
 And reach from thence to *China* or *Japan*.

Ev'n the raw Country Girl just come to Town,  
 In her *Straw-Hat* and *Linsy-Wolfs* Gown,  
 Rather than she *unmodish* would appear,  
 And come to Church in her plain rusty Gear,  
 By Envy and by Inclination led,  
 Will for new rigging pawn her *Maidenhead*,  
 All on a sudden grows so wondrous pretty,  
 + The City *Mantua* hides plain Country-Betty.

Nay the *Old Madams* too, who one would think  
 Stood tott'ring upon life's extreamest brink;  
 Those who in spite of Nature will be young,  
 At Theatres and Churches where they throng,  
 Are (but with laughter) by the Gallants seen  
 Drest and set off like Girls of Seventeen.  
 Lord ! with a what uncommon charming Grace,  
 That fine *Settee* becomes a wainfoot Face !  
 How Mother *Shipton* looks drest up in Point,  
 Who, tho her Face with Paint she so anoint,  
 That, like a Joynted Baby she appears,  
 So sleek, so plump, so ruddy, and so clear,  
 Yet all can never hide her *Threescore* Years :  
 But so unlimited a vice is *Pride*,  
 That Nature's Faults it does not only hide,

But

But even as far as serves to cheat the Eye,  
Does her Defects as constantly supply.

Imagin now from Play-house just return'd  
A Lady, who when there, in fancy burn'd ;  
Uneasy by some disappointments made,  
Preparing to undress her self for Bed,  
Her curled Locks (mistaken for her own)  
Are in confusion on her Toylet thrown ;  
Next her Glasse Eye put nicely in a Box,  
With Ivory Tooth, which never had the *Pox*,  
Her stiff *Steel-Bodies*, which her *Bunch* did hide,  
Are with her artificial *Buttocks* laid aside ;  
Thus she who did but a small hour ago,  
Like *Angel* or *Terrestrial Goddess* show,  
Slides into loathsome sheets, where since we've fixt her,  
Leave her, of *Pride* and *Lust*, an equal mixture.

Not all the *Malice* joyn'd with all the *Wit*,  
With which ill natur'd *Poets* ever writ,  
Could ever yet describe the various kinds  
Of Womens boundless *Lusts*, which strictly binds  
Their Souls and Bodies, so they seem to be  
Compos'd of nothing else but *Lechery* :  
The little Girl who can but write fourteen,  
Thinks days are ages till the sport she's seen,

Altho

Altho her am'rous Nest is hardly Feather'd,  
Altho scarce ripe, yet longs she to be gather'd,

Ev'n they whom *pious Education* fools,  
Or else are bound by strict *Monastick Rules*,  
Yet burn with such an inward Lustful Flame,  
As all their little Arts can never tame.

Lap-Dogs and D——s serve as much to cure  
Their am'rous customary Calenture,  
As men in Fevers, when they drink small Beer,  
Which makes the Fit return but more severe.  
All the endeavours for to quench desire,  
Serve only to promote the hidden Fire.  
Lust, the first lesson which they always learn  
'Ere they the difference of Sex discern;  
But that at last by airy notions got,  
Is the whole subject of their private chat ; (ing  
Nay, Bawds half drunk at a young Bastards Christn-  
More lewdly cannot talk, than I (who listning)  
Have heard young Virgins in a corner prattle  
About some notions broach't by *Aristotle*.  
But since the name of Lust is too severe,  
Too harsh and rugged for the Female Ear,  
We'll call it *Love*, and under that disguise,  
Observe their various close Hipocrisies.

By



By arbitrary Custom, long since curst,  
 In Love, the Women must not offer first :  
 They must appear indifferent and cold,  
 And when the Youth has all his Passions told,  
 Put on a forc'd Disguise, and gravely say,  
*What pity Sir, fine words are thrown away !*  
*In other things I'm much at your command,*  
*But not one word of Love I understand ;*  
 Yet by her Eyes, which best the Soul express,  
 Her inclinations are not hard to guess. +

Suppose a Youth most Fortunately Blest  
 With all the Charms that ere his Sex possess ;  
 Transform'd by Love into a *whining Fool*,  
 A *Womans Play-thing*, and a *Chamber-Tool* :  
 If she be Proud, (*as where's the She is not ?*)  
 When Prostrate at her Feet she sees the Sot ;  
 With greater Pride the *Turk* did never seem,  
 T' Insult on Prostrate Slaves, than she on him : } +  
 She slights his Presents, and neglects his Passion,  
 And makes his Torments but her Recreation  
 But yet his Flatteries have this effect,  
 In punishing her feigned cold neglect ;  
 Her Pride and Lust they so much serve t'inflame,  
 That she at last in order them to tame,

Her wishes to some Stallion does impart,  
And his *Strong Back* must ease her *Am'rous Smart*.

— Thus what to *Love* and *Merit* was deny'd,  
Is by the *Favourite Groom* or *Footman* try'd.

Thus tho the Nymph began t'appear so coy,  
Yet lets another taste the hidden Joy;

For the whole Sex agree it shall be sayd,  
*Nature made Mouths which were not to be Fed;*

Sometimes a *Cruft* goes with more *Gusto* down,  
Than all *French Kickshaws* and *Ragous* in Town:

Curst Fate of Women who do always run  
In those extreams which most they strove to shun.

But grant her Gen'rous, Affable and Kind,  
And not to *Pride* or *Tyranny* inclin'd;

Easly when Courted, and dispos'd to yield,  
And leave *Philander* Master of the Field.

Tho the *last favours* are allow'd, and he  
Proud of a new obtain'd Felicity,

Loves even to a dotage, knows no Heaven but she,  
And thinks the Gods not half so blest as he:

Yet in the midst of all his rapt'rous Joys,  
Before his Person or Enjoyment Cloys,

She *Jilts* him; and to highten his disgrace,  
Kisses some new pretender 'fore his Face.

Some

Some little time she's kind to this *new Lover*,  
 But quickly does some cause of change discover:  
 Weary of him she to another flies,  
 Swears he's the only person she can prize;  
 But having him *two days, five hours, three-quarters*,  
 Leaves him to Hang in Penitential Garters;  
 Still apt to change, to give their Sex their due,  
 They scarcely are to their *own wishes* true.  
 They *Love*, they *Hate*, and yet they know not why,  
 Constant in nothing but *Inconstancy*.  
 When you of Nature can divert the curse,  
 And make the Loadstone leave its tractive force.  
 Prove Snow is black, and wash the Negro white,  
 And make the Sun appear in darkeſt night:  
 Fix Quick-silver, and make the Sea ſtand ſtill,  
 And cauſe the Clouds no longer Rain diſtil;  
 When this by art you can affect and do,  
 Then I'll believe a Woman can be true.

But hold, ſome Female Advocate I hear,  
 Who blames my Satyr as if too ſevere.  
*If ſome (ſays he) are ſickle, are there none*  
*Whoſe Vertues may for others Faults atone?*  
*Who built the great Mauſoleum, which ſame*  
*Does one of th' Worlds ſeven wonders juſtly name?*

But Artimesa whose true Love was such,  
 That her own Body was not thought too much  
 For her dear Husband's Ashes to find room,  
 And to his Mem'ry did Erect that Tomb;  
 Nay, in this Vicious Age some few there are,  
 Behind that Queens Example come not far.

'Tis own'd ; but such Examples are as scarce  
 As five-leg'd Calves, three Moons, or Blazing-Stars.  
 For when into the World such Monsters creep,  
 Nature is Retrograde, or half asleep.

Nature, on whom we justly lay the blame,  
 Which so inclines us for to act our shame.

For after all, how small, alas, the gains

Sr. C. S. Will be, for which we take such mighty pains !

But a short Bliss, a nasty fulsom Joy  
 Which we regret, e'ne while we yet enjoy ;  
 So trifling, no wise man finds pleasure in it,

'Tis thought begun and finisht in a minute ;

And when the eager short liv'd transport's o're,

We lie like Fishes gasping on the shore.

Oh Nature, Nature! rigid are thy Laws,

To which we blindly must submit our Cause.

Who without horror, or amazement, can  
 Survey that hideous Precipice of Man ?

Or



Or with his Pen sufficiently deplore,  
 That fatal Gulph we call a *Common Whore* ?  
 Who can express her Arts of drawing in  
 Unwary Youths, to the beloved sin ?  
 When caught, with Stratagems she still prepares,  
 To keep them blindfold in the fatal Snares.  
 So soon she learnt the *Linnen-lifting* Trade,  
 That she forgets she ever was a Maid :  
 In Arts obscene so very 'xpert and clear,  
 The *Devil* himself must come to learn of her ;  
 For should all Tricks of Female Lewdness fail,  
 They all would be reviv'd in *Posture-Mall*,  
 The Sexes Harlequin or Scaramouch,  
 Whose various Scenes of Nakedness are such,  
 As e'en makes Nature blush. — But hold my Muse,  
 This Subject will too much thy thoughts abuse :  
 Let's leave her, who to Lewdness sets no bounds,  
 The *Lady Abbess* of the *Fleetstreet Nuns*.

Their Youth with *Claps*, and *Lust* just worn away,  
 And all their Charms beginning to decay ;  
 With Mead and Bottle-Beer, they call Cock-Ale,  
 And some young Cracks, who waiting never fail,  
 Commence *Grave Bauds* and keep a *Vaulting School*,  
 Where *Callow Youths* their Health and Money fool ;  
 While

While they by Age Venereal Sports forbid,  
 Yet highly pleas'd to see what once they did.  
 They live in one continued Scene of Lust,  
 Till Pox or Gallows turn them into Dust.

*Kept Mistresses* my Satyr next will find,  
 A Trade which is but Whoring much refin'd;  
 A sort of *Jilts*, so false and so untrue,  
 As *Whetstones-Park* or *Fleetstreet* never knew.  
 In former times they were content and proud,  
 With th' usual Pittance which the Spark allow'd,  
 And took it for a favour seldom known,  
 If twice a Year was blest with a new Gown;  
 But now so termigant and haughty grown,  
 That ere *kind Keeper* steps into her Bed,  
 With Coach and Six she must be furnished;  
 Have *Settlement* and *Joynture* made her Honour,  
 And take such State and Quality upon her;  
 Sit in the front of the *King's Box* at Plays,  
 And Rival *Lady Dutches* to her Face;  
 Lavish out more in one *Spring-Garden Treat*,  
 Than would provide a First-Rate Ship with Meat;  
 While *Liberham* her Lust can ne're suffice,  
 But what his unperforming Back denies,  
 The Footman and the Coachmans *Brawn* supplies,  
 Such

Such Slaves they are to Interest and Gold,  
 That should a man both Impotent and old,  
 Worn out with Claps, the Pally, or the Gout,  
 By some device find *Bellamira* out ;  
 Bid but a *brace* of *Hundreds* more a year,  
 Yet this old *Lecher* will the *Jilt* prefer  
 Before the Youth whose Blood his Passion warms,  
 And can each Night with Pleasure fill her Arms.  
 Nothing in *Nature* ever was so common,  
 As *Jilting, Wanton, Prostituted Woman*.

Nay, those that do to Vertue most pretend,  
 Yet seldom are without their *private* Friend,  
 By whom in secret often they'r carest,  
 For stolen Pleasures often are the best ;  
 Manag'd altho' with greatest privacy,  
 Yet sometimes get a *tell tale* *Tympany* ;  
 And then the little *Infants* cries proclaim  
 The *Fathers* Frolick, and the *Mothers* Shame :  
 But if the *Intreague's* so closely carry'd on,  
 That not the least *Item* of the matter's known ;  
 How she will of her Vertue loudly prate,  
 And blush, yet rightly understand *what's what* ;  
 Abroad 'gainst Lewdness how she will exclaim,  
 Yet daily practice what she does condemn :

If after all the *Damsel* seeming Chast,  
 The *Husband-Lover* courts her at the last ;  
 With the success he will not be deny'd,  
 But have this *Modest Virgin* for his Bride.

Lord ! what a stir is made with *Alum Water*,  
 And such *Astringents* for to hide the matter !

That she who knows as much as did her Mother,  
 May seem amaz'd, and all her Amours smother,  
 And in his Arms be fearful of a touch :

But hold, of this enough, if not too much.

Of all the *Plagues* attending human Life,  
 The greatest sure is that we call a *Wife* ;

Nor is there a more pitied Wretch than he,  
 That's doom'd to *Matrimonial Slavery* :

Unquiet days and nights with endless noise,  
 Are the sad consequence of such a choice :

For little did he think what mischiefs lay  
 In those hard words, *for ever and for aye* ;

Those holy Words which the sly Clergy use  
 To cajole People in a fatal noose ;

A Charm no after-Magick can unty,  
 Till both or either opportunely Die.

A *Wife*, what is she but a *Wench* by Law,  
 Which tame *Fools* Wed to keep themselves in awe ?

For





For sum up all the Curses which befall  
 Poor man, he that's *Marry'd* has 'em all.

If *Jealousy*, that Wild-fire of the Brain,  
 Does once her serious thinking entertain ;  
 Bred by *Suspicion*, and by *Fancy* Nurst,  
 No *Tyger* ever was so Fierce and Curst.  
 Abroad she like some *Hellish Fury* seems,  
 At home still haunted by her own vain Dreams ;  
 Unquiet, never with her self at peace,  
 Till some kind *Rope* or *Poyson* give her ease,  
 Fit *Physick* for so desp'rate a Disease.

If Appetite to change, or some Disgust,  
 Addeth some Fuel to her private Lust ;  
*It is resolv'd*, nor shall thy Fate, O Man !  
 Resist her Vow ; for do what ere thou can ,  
 No Bolts, Bars, Locks, can Fetter Inclination,  
 Thou art a *Cuckold* by *Predestination*.

(Hard Fate of Custom, that the Faults of *Wife*,  
 Serve to disgrace the *Husband* during Life,)  
 Either of credit, negligent, she cares  
 Not who her loose Intreagues both sees and hears ;  
 Tho' at Noon-day t'r House the Heroes rush,  
 And she has long time since forgot to Blush ;  
 Or else by 'pointment in a Dark Alcove,  
 Design'd for all the stolen sweets of Love ;

D

Meets

Meets her Gallant, and opening all her Charms,  
Flies eagerly to his desired Arms :

+ My Dear, my Love, my Life, my Soul *she cries,*  
(Still mingling every Period with a Kiss.)

*How blest am I ! methinks in Thee I find*

*All that was made to pleasure Woman-kind.*

Lord ! *What a Nauseous thing my Husband's grown -*  
*Now thou art here, I fancy I have none :*

*Thank Fate who this kind meeting did allow,*

*We'll drink the Cuckold's Health before we go ;*

*Faith 'tis an honest dull performing Tool,*

*By Nature fram'd to be a Womans Fool :*

*But thou my Dear hast found the only Art,*

*At once to Conquer and Eenjoy my Heart ;*

Then smiles: Mean while the Gallant strives to prove  
His Vigour in the brisk assaults of Love.

Nor is she idle, for some Learned Pen

Assures us, that in those affairs—

Women are much more active than the Men.

The little God allows the finisht Bliss,

A Parting Bottle, and a Parting Kiss ;

And when to meet again, for that's the Text,

Each Visit being but *Prologue* to the next ;

But

But since to see him, Fortune does deny  
 His Presence ; she by fancy does supply  
 Her Pleasure, she with so much Art refines, +  
 (A Secret still unknown to vulgar minds,) }  
 That when the Wretch whom she does *Husband* name,  
 Attempts to quench her *everlasting Flame* ;  
 Ev'n in the Act of the most kind Embrace,  
 When *Arms, Legs, Thighs* are joyn'd, and *Face to Face*,  
 By powerful Imagination she, }  
 Her absent *Gallant* hugs in *Effegie*,  
 And fancy's her dear *Cuckold-Spouse* is he ;  
 While poor *Cornuto* humbly drudges on,  
 Till blest (with what he ne're begat) a *Son* ;  
 Then at the *Christning*, to compleat the Jest,  
 The modest *Gallant's* chosen from the rest  
 For *Godfather*, pleased with the double Joy,  
 Of Getting and to Name the little Boy.

*Intreaguings* is of late so much the Trade,  
 That she who *Travels* not that slip'ry Road,  
 Is laught at by her Sex, as much or more,  
 As *Cheated Cully* is by *Bully-Whore*.  
 Could *Grays-Inn Walks*, or those of *Lincolns-Inn*, ←  
 (Places where Women teach their minds to sin,)

Or *Park*, or either *Play-House* but relate,  
 What fine Discourse, what pretty am'rous Chat,  
 Between the *Gallant* and the *Wife* is made.  
 When a new Scene of Pleasure's to be laid,  
 What strange discoveries would the places make?  
 More wonderful than those of *Captain Drake*;  
 Monsters he saw, but rarely here and there,  
 But here whole Drovers of *Cuckolds* would appear.  
 The patient, angry, and unthinking one,  
 Whose Wife's a Jilt, yet he'll believe her none.  
*Happy's the Man that's handsomly deceiv'd,*  
*Whose Wife both Swears and Lyes, and is believ'd.*

Nay, take the best of all these *Clogs of Life*,  
 I mean (if such there be) a vertuous *Wife*;  
 She that with new Indearments ev'ry Night,  
 Provokes Desire and hightens Appetite:  
 Her *Female Fondness* will destruction prove,  
 Like *Opium*, to the choice delights of Love.  
 For what we may at any time enjoy,  
 Does ev'n the relish of the Bliss destroy.  
 To Pleasure difficulty adds a Gust,  
 I cannot Love and yet I must be just;  
 So when to duty, inclination turns,  
 How faintly th' *Hymenial-Taper* burns;

And



And no Man yet could ever learn the Art,  
 T' Insure a Womans fickle roving Heart.  
 That valued thing, her Beauty, may decay,  
 And Love will wear insensibly away ;  
 And when the occasion of the Passion's fled,  
 Sure Inclination will be faint or dead ;  
 But if to'r natural Infirmities,  
 Be added some acute and sharp Disease :  
 Then *Doctors* and *Apothecaries* come,  
 And with their Pots and Glasses fill the room.  
 Thrice happy he to whom such luck does fall,  
 T' *imbrace* Disease, and *VVedd an Hospitall* :

All *Smell'd with Sighs* and *Blubber'd with her Tears*,  
 A new made *Widow* next in view appears,  
 Beating her Breast and tearing off her Hair,  
 She seems the very *Emblem of Despair*.  
 One would imagin that some mighty matter,  
 Was meant by all this hideous noise and clatter ;  
 When her whole mourning's but a *perfect Cheat*,  
 For she ne're weeps, but 'tis when others see't.  
 Alone her Sorrows to her Hopes give place,  
 She's form'd the project of a new Embrace ;  
 And e're her *Husband* in the Grave be laid,  
 Her Thoughts are of a *Second Bridal-Bed*.

A Maidens Vertue may perhaps be sense,  
 But who e're heard of Widows continence ?  
 For their frail *Tenements* were ne're design'd,  
 T'indure a *Seige* so often *Undermin'd*.  
 If she be *Young* her Inclinations speak,  
 Spite of her Dress of *black Bandore* and *Peak* ;  
 A *Garb* invented for to let us know,  
 That the late *Tenants Lease* is out below ;  
 For Pious Inclinations seldom fail,  
 To lurk beneath a *Youthful Widows Vail*.  
 Tell me ye *Fortune-Hunters* of the Age,  
 Who with new Faces ev'ry hour engage,  
 If for one easy *Fond* believing *Maid*,  
 Twice fifty *Am'rous Widows* have not fled  
 Into your Arms ? for 'tis the *Creed* they hold,  
 One *Warm Bedfellow's* worth a hundred cold.  
 The *Worn out Soldier* finds an *Hospital* ;  
 And *Wither'd Age* does for an *Alms-house* call.  
 The *Charter-house* for *Gentlemen* decay'd,  
 And *Widows* were for *Younger Brothers* made.  
 One in an Age perhaps there may be known,  
 A *Widow* laugh at all the *Fops* in Town :  
 Live like th' *Epheſian Matron* all forlorn,  
 Refuse all *Viſits* all *Pretenders* Scorn.

Yet

Yet there's a time.——But rarely understood,  
 When *Sorrow* gives the Wall to *Flesh* and *Blood*;  
 Then if the *Lucky Minute* be but known,  
 Ply your Suit warm, she's certainly your *own*.  
 To these poor Souls perhaps I may be *civil*,  
 But *Widows* Old and Am'rous are the *Devil*:  
 Rather converted into Willow-Switch,  
 I'd e'ry night be Hagg-rid by a *Witch*,  
 The greatest curse I rather would prefer,  
 Than enter into loathed Sheets with her.

As equally offensive to my Arms,  
 As an old *Maid* by Age depriv'd of charms;  
 For tho' she may be vain and think to please,  
 Yet *Fifty's* an *Incurable Disease*.  
 Oh! with what mighty pleasure *shee'l* relate,  
 (Like *Cavileers* the Wars in *forty eight*,)  
 What fine young *Sparks* her *humble Servants* were,  
 And how she made them languish with despair: *ms. 000*  
 But yet her *Vertue* was as much above  
 Their *Flatteries*, as they beneath her *Love*.  
 Her *Vertue* —— Dam her with her canting *stile*,  
 When 'twas her *Pride* preserv'd her all the while;  
 For let all Women till they'r weary prate,  
 That *Honour* stands as Centry at the Gate:

That

That Innocence and Vertue are their Crown,  
 'Tis *Pride*, 'tis *Pride* that keeps their *Linnen down* ;  
 Their peevish Vertue keeps them chaste in *spight*,  
 By day their *Guard* and *Bugbear* all the night :  
 + True Hypocrites, who what they chiefly covet,  
 Seem most t' abhor and hate it when they love it :  
 Now nice, then free, now grave, and then more com-  
 There is no other Riddle but a *Woman*. (mon,

Oh, *Woman*, *Woman* ! who can ere Rehearse,  
 In lasting Prose, or much more lasting Verse ,  
 What mighty *Mischiefs* have by thee been done,  
 Since angry Nature thee to Frame begun ?  
 Who but an haughty *Cleopatra* cost ;  
 + *Mark Anthony* the World ? for her 'twas lost.  
 Who was't the *Roman Capitol* Betray'd ?  
 But a perfidious Whore, some call a *Maid* ?  
 Who was the cause of a ten long Years War ,  
 + When Warlike *Greeks* and *Trojans* were at Jar ,  
 But *Hellen*, stole by *Paris* ? when he'd dont,  
 Caus'd a long VVar upon the score of —  
 For her offended Husband, Swore in rage,  
 Ten Thousand Lives should ne're his wrath asswage.  
 There never was a *Plot* or close design,  
 The quiet of a *State* to undermine,

Or



Or private Family to ruin brought,  
 Wherein a Woman was not in the Plot ;  
 Let who will lead the *Van*, 'tis plain and clear  
 In *Mischief*, *Women* still bring up the *Rear* ;  
 Yet they of Plots, *poor Souls*, do know no more,  
 Than he that Form'd the Project just before.

Thus we've of *Women* made a short Survey,  
 And lightly touch'd their Vices in our way ;  
 But a *Fond Lover* with his senseless Muse,  
 Will all their Frailties and their Faults excuse ;  
 For is his *Mistress* ugly beyond thought,  
 She is his *Queen*, his *Goddeſs*, and *what not* ?  
 If ſhe with *Moles* and *Spots* be Larded o're,  
 He'l tell you *Venus* had a Mole before ;  
 He for her *Limping* has ſome pretty hints,  
 She ſeems to him to *Languish* when ſhe *Squints* ;  
 If *Fooliſh* ; Lord ! how Innocent ſhe is !  
 Nay, her Malicious Wit is ſure to pleaſe ;  
 If *Drowſy-look'd*, ſhe has the Air of *France* ;  
 If *Sluttiſh*, 'tis but *a-la-Negligence* ;  
 If *Tawdry* and *Ill-dreſt*, ſhe's *Modiſh* thought,  
 For Love can make a *Venus* of a *Slut* ;  
 If ſhe Sings worſe than a Hoarſe *Smithfield-Trull*,  
 To her's, the Muſick of the *Sphears* is dull ;

E

If

If *Wither'd Old*, Age for Respect doth call,  
 And Bags to make her Young will never fail;  
 If Lewd as *Cresswell* in her youthful days,  
 Yet to her *Vertue* he will Altars raise:  
 Let the deluded Fool go on, till's greatest curse  
 Be those few words, for better and for worse.

Oh! were there but some *Island* vast and wide,  
 Where *Nature's* Drest in all her choicest *Pride*;  
 The Air Serene, as Thoughts of *Angels* be,  
 Fertile the Ground, Spontaneous and Free;  
 Producing all things which we useful call,  
 As *Edens-Garden* did before the *Fall*;  
 Of choicest *Vines* an inexhausted store,  
 With *Swelling Clusters* ready to run o're,  
 With their own plenty of the *Godlike Juice*,  
 Which seems in *Man* a second Soul t' infuse:  
 There with a Score of *Choice Selected* Friends,  
 Who know no private Interests nor Ends,  
 We'd Live, and could we Procreate like Trees,  
 And without *Womans Aid* —  
 Promote and Propagate our *Species*;  
 The Day in Sports and innocent Delight  
 We'd spend, and in soft *Slumber* waft the Night:

Some-

Sometimes within a private *Grotto* meet;  
 With gen'rous Wines and Fruits our selves we'd  
 Ambition, Envy, and that Meager Train, (Treat;  
 Should never interrupt our Peaceful *Raign*;  
 Blest with *Strong-Health*, and a most quiet mind,  
 Each day our *Thoughts* should new Diversion find,  
 But *never, never* think on *Woman-kind*.

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F I N I S.